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Views - Letter*

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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POLICE AND THE B.B.C.

By A. K. CHESTERTON

AMIDST the mounting confusion and wild unreason of the post-war world there is no more thankless task than that of the men charged with the enforcement of law and order. Although public safety is their special responsibility every time they uphold it against the menace of organized violence and politically inspired hysteria they can expect for reward only the abuse and censure of the huge propaganda machine which dominates the modern eye and ear. Big Brotherhood has no more indefatigable ally than the all-prevalent Sob Sisterhood to which that machine is attuned.

The guardians of the law in Great Britain, and particularly the Metropolitan Police, are perhaps the best servers of the public good and the worst served of any in the world. They have to contend, not only with the professional disturbers of the peace, whose activities become increasingly larger and well organized, but with an administration recruited almost entirely from the Sob Sisterhood and thereafter with a magistracy which, as though determined to be in the fashion and to win the golden opinions of the Sob Sisters, often doles out to conscienceless toughs derisory fines where it cannot let them off with a caution.

BRICK-BATS

That the police so far, despite the brick-bats from the thugs and the kicks-in-the-teeth from those who are in effect the patrons of thuggery, should have carried out their difficult job with cool-headed efficiency, says all that needs to be said about their superb morale, discipline and strength of character. But will it be wise or fair to continue to regard them as being proof against provocation, however great, and on that ground refuse them the public support to which they are so clearly entitled? No body of men can be expected to withstand in perpetuity the erosion of underserved censure. Resignations and lack of replacements could lead through the abrogation of the rule of law to wholesale terror.

One sign of the madness raging throughout the West today is the staging of demonstrations which in the terms of their own alleged purposes are so devoid of meaning as to be cretinous. Not even the most frenetically ape-minded ruffian can suppose that an attempt to storm the United States Embassy in London, or the smashing of Hilton Hotel windows, could determine by a single minute the length of the Viet-Nam war or in

any other way bring the slightest pressure to bear upon the United States Government. Yet it was ostensibly to that end that the slicksters behind the scenes brought thousands of roughs from Britain's political underworld into the streets to create riot and havoc and—a new revolutionary development—transported as reinforcements for them trained thugs and mob-leaders from the Continent.

Had the American Embassy been sacked and looted, or had the Hilton Hotel gone up in flames, there would still have been 600,000 G.I.'s deployed in Viet-Nam and the people of Saigon would still have remained vulnerable to the menace of infiltration and sudden death at the hands of the Viet-Cong. Why, then, the two affrays in London?

WAR OF NERVES

I suggest that the purpose intended to be served by such methods is the use of violence for the creation of social tensions, for the waging of a war of nerves against the community, and for the subverting of the sense of orderliness which stands between the nation and its total undoing. Cry "havoc" often enough, the unspoken argument seems to be, and eventually the dogs of war will slip their own leads and run amok as the heralds of the internationalist take-over bidders.

Against the preliminary onrushes of this vile disorder stand the police—staunch, dependable, but not armoured. It is a fact, as deplorable as it is significant, that in Grosvenor Square their casualties outnumbered those of the rioters by roughly three to one. According to my information the reason was that they were forbidden to use their truncheons and had to cope with their bare hands while their assailants, not thus inhibited, were able to use as weapons whatever their pleasant fancies might alight upon.

Did Parliament, the toothless guardian of the people, betray by so much as a single bark a sense of outrage that the streets and squares of London should be thus abused and its police officers made the target of pseudo-political gangsters allegedly demonstrating in an alien quarrel remote from our own shores? Like hell it did.

Neither is this type of demonstration the only kind with which the police have to deal. Men of all races crowding into these islands see no reason why they should not bring with them, as an added complexity for their hosts, whatever bitter disputations there may be in

their former homelands. Thus the welling up of Eastern Pakistani grievances leads at once to a clash in London between Eastern and Western Pakistanis resident here—or, rather, it would lead to a clash were the Metropolitan Police not there in force to prevent it and keep the wild-eyed demonstrators from injuring each other.

The most ludicrous occasion of all was when Nigerians and Biafrans, extending the war in that unhappy land to London, would have met in head-on collision had it not been for a strong force of police, in front of whom one party of young men broke into an African war-dance. No doubt they preferred to display their military ardour behind police cover in London than in the jungles and swamps of West Africa. That a scene of this kind could be witnessed in the Britain of 1968 shows how far the madness of the modern world has been allowed to go.

Were it not for the unfailing efficiency of our police forces there would have been generated, during this summer alone, enough combustion to have caused a Greater Fire of London.

SOB SISTERHOOD

To those of us who keep our eyes upon events it has long been quite clear that the triumph of law and order over the forces of provocation and subversion does not please Big Brother and the Sob Sisterhood in and out of the Establishment. Why should "brutal Fascists" be permitted to debar "idealistic" thugs from wrecking the American Embassy and the Hilton Hotel? We waited for the attack on the police and we knew from what direction it would come—from that of the most gigantic smearing agency in the Kingdom.

And come it did. I quote from the *Radio Times* the following announcement of a programme:

10.25

CAUSE FOR CONCERN

A series which takes up the cause of people fighting for a fair deal
Magnus Magnusson examines whether we are all

EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW?

Have we become too complacent with our image of the British Bobby?

In recent years there have been disturbing cases—the presenting of false evidence, unwarranted arrests, and accusations of brutality. Many of the victims have been coloured people.

Is the black man particularly vulnerable when he comes up against the law?

Here is a wonderful insight into the methodology of the B.B.C. The muck-rakers begin to slant their case even before the evidence is heard. Does Broadcasting House really think that by putting a smear in question form it can escape the charge of gross partisanship? No doubt it is so accustomed to the rôle of hatchet-wielder that it uses its innuendoes, dirty contrivances though they be, as a matter of routine.

The questions insinuate their own answers. Broadcasting House wished to implant three affirmations in advance—that we are not equal before the law, that the British Bobby is unworthy of the high esteem in which we hold him, and that the black man meets injustice at the hands of the police.

Note, too, the scope which the muck-rakers demand for themselves. They do not tell us what instances of presenting false evidence, or of unwarranted arrest, or of brutality, have come to light in 1968. Oh no, they aspire to range back through the years in search of material which can be made to support their indictment and so enable them to lend verisimilitude to the false image of the police they wish to present. Go back long enough in consulting the record of any large body of men in the world and you will unfailingly find what you seek.

The overwhelming debt of gratitude which the nation owes to the police is not only left completely out of account in that poisonous *Radio Times* item: the suggestion is that we should not be grateful but ashamed. And that to my mind is diabolical.

At 10.25 on the evening in question we switched on our sets to listen to St. Magnus passing judgement. Instead we heard that the programme, "for legal and other reasons", would not be presented, and with a feeling of profound relief we sank back into our chairs. Thank God, we said to ourselves, thank God that there is some power in the land still strong enough to have prevented the most abominable act of subversion in all the B.B.C.'s long history of disservice to the British people.

INTO THE NIGHT

Enraged, the muck-rakers, cheated of the chance of undermining the morale of the finest police force on earth, must have stormed out into the night. If by any chance they found their cars stolen, to whom would they have reported the matter? Or, back at home, if a burglar's presence had been suspected, to whom would they have telephoned? Sir Hugh Greene?

However, our relief and their chagrin were alike short-lived. What adjustments were made I do not know, but two or three weeks later a revised version was put on the air and provided an utterly deplorable occasion.

Three senior police officers were allowed to participate in the programme but against them the B.B.C. placed no fewer than eleven white and coloured adversaries. Eleven to three—that is a generous assessment of the impartiality of Broadcasting House. It would much have preferred odds of 11 to 0.

There was uproar when the police officers sought to introduce a witness to rebut a charge of brutality. One of their more vehement antagonists, a Jamaican barrister, threatened to walk out if the witness was allowed a hearing. Then the uproar became more general. I quote from *The Times* the reaction to a remark made by Mr. Robert Mark, deputy commissioner of Scotland Yard:

"Mr. Mark at one stage claimed that the technique used by the B.B.C. in presenting this sequence was 'not unlike that used by Dr. Goebbels'. It was a skilful mixture of truth, half truth and opinion, put together to appeal to ignorance and prejudice.

"This almost led to all those across the studio from the police walking out, until Mr. Magnusson appealed to the police to withdraw their surprise witness and to the other guests to stay in the studio.

"Mr. Mark agreed to withdraw the witness after Mr. Reg Gale, chairman of the Police Federation, said the programme was in danger of becoming a shattering waste of time."

Well, well!

As its retiring Director-General is on record as saying that the B.B.C. would never be neutral on racial issues, Mr. Magnusson will not complain if one asks whether his chairmanship was impartial or whether the real odds against the police were 12 to 3.

The protest mobs are no discriminators of institutions. One day they will turn against the B.B.C. But the present Director-General will not be present to organise

the defences or even to call the police. As he has loftily explained, he is not being kicked upstairs to join the Board of Governors, but is walking there on his own volition with majestic dignity. If justice were to be done there would be no lack of kicking and the course of the projectile would certainly not be heavenwards.

Alas, it is an unjust world, this world wherein the organiser of smears receives the accolade of knighthood and a seat on the Board of Governors, while the police who keep clear the streets for his royal progress collect all the kicks and buffetings of the demonstrating rabble, both home-grown and imported, and while Big Brother and the Sob Sisterhood prepare to attack them from an impregnable position and at a much safer distance.

Am I wrong in describing the attitude of these microphone-warriors as utterly detestable?

CUT AND THRUST

SAID Miami's police chief happily, as the Republican Convention got into full swing: "This is Democracy's finest hour". Bless his simple heart! I suppose there must be many simple hearts in the United States: otherwise it is difficult to account for the mustering of the standards, for the high-stepping of the drum-majorettes, for the parade of the dancing-girls and the concatenation of the pop-singers, for the march-past of the elephants, for the loud-speaker booming of voices, metallic and nasal, which announce the New Dawn and the Ever Greater Society and the goodness that is to be on earth when Republican hopes are crowned.

Well, perhaps Miami's chief of police was not so wide of the mark; perhaps, when all is said, the fantastic ballyhoo does mark Democracy's finest hour, or at any rate its most innocent one.

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There emerges from the rip-roaring circus the figure of Richard Nixon, contender for the Presidential title, demi-god, hero and champion-in-chief of the millions of people bemused and beguiled by all the tinsel finery and mind-destroying oratory of the Miami hullabaloo. But I think it improbable that much of the popular innocence will have rubbed off on Mr. Nixon. The man who can knock out a Nelson Rockefeller is likely to know all too well how many beans make a Wall Street bean-feast! His first foreign affairs statement after nomination was interesting. It was to elevate China, despite her political chaos, her in-born incompetence, and her turmoil born of chaos and terror, to the status of a "Super-Power". I wonder why Mr. Nixon did that.

As for Great Britain, the Republican savant wasted no time before sweeping her under the European carpet—where, as he pontificated, she belonged. Was that not also what the late Senator Kennedy had said? When Republican and Democrat speak as one, we know well enough who manipulates their vocal chords. Ballyhoo for the millions, but for the Dollar Barons of New York one thing only—power. Britons could do worse than recall Madam Nu's bitter words: "The country which has the United States for an ally has no need of enemies".

* * * *

Before we cast too many surly glances across the Atlantic, however, let us examine what Mr. Edward Heath had to say during the two whole weeks he spent in Australia, where he had gone with the declared intention "to restore Britain's good name and her international esteem". After hearing what the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition had to say, readers will regret that he did not stay at home to shoot grouse or play fugues on his beloved piano. Speaking at Perth on his country's role in international affairs, Heath said: "We are not a super-power like the United States, Russia and China of the future". Again the "super-power" myth about China—and, for that matter, about Russia. Again the playing-down of Britain and her vast potential.

I find it profoundly disturbing that almost simultaneously Richard Nixon and Edward Heath should promote China to the "super-power" class. The legend of the mighty Chinese dragon has been assiduously built up over the last several years, and the more she proves herself to be the opposite—a sprawling, undisciplined conglomeration of peoples, an incubator of colossal stresses, strains, divisions, civil wars and eternal unrests and mistrusts—the more are the better known political puppets of the Nixon-Heath breed prevailed upon to patch-up and preserve the myth of her omnipotence, if not today then certainly tomorrow.

* * * *

I have no doubt, although the puppets are probably unaware of the fact, that some deep, esoteric purpose is to be served. *Candour* has long thought it likely that the big idea was to create the illusion of Russia as the noble St. George defending the West against the Yellow Peril. Another idea, not incompatible with the first, is that Wall Street has entered Peking by the back-door and now has a vested interest in promulgating the notion of China as a gigantic figure about to dominate the world scene.

Anyway, the first opportunity should be seized of asking Heath what the hell he meant by so grotesquely upgrading the strife-ridden domain of Chairman Mao and in the process reducing to dwarf-like proportions his own country. Does the poor fish really think that this

is the way to impress our Australian kinsmen? Is this the best he can do to "restore Britain's name and her international esteem"?

* * * *

Mr. William Sneddon, Australian Minister of Immigration, is rightly anxious to build up his country's population, still many millions short of what it could maintain. He seems no less anxious—a trend apparent ever since the war—that there should be pursued a "melting-pot" policy rather than that the New Australians should be drawn as far as possible from the Old Country. At any rate he told a press conference in Washington that he is to propose "a more vigorous drive to attract American settlers to Australia—including Negroes".

As things are at present the aborigines are too thin upon the ground to present Australia with a racial problem. Therefore, it seems, a racial problem has to be created by importations from abroad. It would almost appear today that a racial problem is a sort of national status symbol. But why just American Negroes? Why does Mr. Sneddon not open recruiting offices up and down the length of Africa? Indeed, what have China, Japan, Malaysia, Indonesia, India and Pakistan done to be left relatively (though by no means entirely) out in the cold? Mr. Enoch Powell will pardon me if I borrow one of his phrases and say that Australia, like most of the rest of the world, shows signs of going "stark, raving bonkers".

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Mention of Mr. Powell reminds me of the 1968 Race Relations Act, which I was to have analysed in this issue, but unfortunately the final text of which has not been forthcoming from H.M. Stationery Office at the time of going to press. How did Enoch Powell, who so recently aspired to the title of Britain's White Hope, comport himself during the Bill's progress through the House of Commons? Did he live up to the expectations of many Britons by doggedly fighting it clause by clause, line by line? Oh dear no!

The Rt. Hon. Enoch Powell said—nothing at all. When a follower besought him to speak, White Hope Powell replied that anything further he might say would be "counter-productive". That is how Parliamentary espousers of an unfashionable cause conduct their campaigns nowadays. One or two dramatic speeches, perhaps a letter or two to *The Times*, and they consider their annual stint handsomely performed. But although he keeps quiet on race relations, the publicity attracted by his Wolverhampton speech has led to a ready demand for White Champion Powell to write and speak on finance, economics, philosophy, the classics and everything in the world except coloured immigration, to say nothing of his being tipped by Beaverbrookdom as Heath's most powerful rival. It is the mark of the Sacred Beast—or should we say of the Bilderberger elect?—that the wind which rushes forth from his own explosive utterance invariably blows him along the path to advancement and fame.

* * * *

Mr. Julian Amery, prospective Tory candidate for Brighton Pavilion, speaking about the new £823,000,000 stand-by credit provided Great Britain by the world bankers, had this to say:

"It puts us just as much in the hands of foreign money lenders as if we had borrowed from them. Henceforth it is the gnomes who will call the tune of the British economy while the rest of us are expected to dance to it."

It has become almost a commonplace for such statements to be made, but regular readers will remember that not so long ago, as unwearingly through the years, *Candour* alone has stressed the perils of international financial domination, to the jeers of the Party hacks and the public assurances of the Governor of the Bank of England that the foreign bankers exercised no control over British policies and were no more than the bogey-men of disordered imaginations.

No doubt Mr. Amery found the use of the euphemism "gnomes" useful—it conjures up thoughts of Zurich rather than of New York. Even so, his statement was brave enough. The Tory Central Office could not have approved of it. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to repose too many hopes in the continuity of Julian Amery. Let it not be forgotten that he was one of the 1956 Suez rebels, and that a few weeks later, promoted to the Government as Minister of State at the War Office, he arose in the House of Commons to defend the Macmillan Administration's Suez policy! There were no murmurs, let alone shouts of derision, when he did so. This is one of the little matters which Members of Parliament understand perfectly. As for the British people, they are pathetically in need of protection from champions who, whatever their momentary stands or purposes, turn out in the end to have served no higher function than that of decoy ducks.

* * * *

Let South African and Rhodesian readers join in a quiz by guessing (if they do not already know) the luminary who expressed himself in these words: "I thank God that there are still students to cry out in protest against injustice and inhumanity. The world-wide student movement, with all its follies and excesses, represents the fierce determination of the young to succeed where my generation has failed, and to build a better world. The students are protesting against stupidity, dishonesty and cruelty which the older generation seeks to justify. . . . It must be intolerable to students that governments, irrespective of party, should accept this 'sorry state of things entire' and should limit themselves to social tinkering when they ought, as they see it, 'shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire.' Isn't it right that these opinions should be felt strongly? Isn't it right that they should be expressed forcefully and fearlessly?"

So there you are, *jeunesse dorée* of Nanterre—you who have fought for the right to sleep together, off to your double-beds and your State-provided linen, secure in your knowledge that Mr. Harry Oppenheimer desires you to remould your dormitory arrangements nearer to your heart's desire. *Marchez*, young braves of the Sorbonne, *marchez* to the barricades and the smashing of shop windows and the hurling of cobblestones at the unfortunate *gendarmérie*. South Africa's multi-millionaire, himself enjoying the benefits of ordered government in the Republic, where the excellent security forces ensure his personal safety, would be disappointed if you expressed yourself less "forcefully" and less "fearlessly". Chancellor of the University of Cape Town,

Mr. Oppenheimer was addressing the Natal University Convocation in Durban. Is it conceivable that a tycoon of the Oppenheimer brand, whose immense wealth is closely watched night and day by nine guards and the South African police, could have done more to instil the ideas of violence and subversion into young heads than was achieved in that one damnable, utterly irresponsible speech? Money talks—yes, and in the language of the Cohn-Bendit yahoos.

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It has occurred to me that one distinguished man likely to have entertained some sardonic thoughts when the British Government hastened to extend the visa of Master Cohn-Bendit must have been Otto Strasser, whose brother Gregor was put to death by Hitler in 1934 and on whose own head was placed a price of 1,000,000 marks. When he won his case against the Adenauer Government and was allowed to return to Germany after his long exile in Canada, Dr. Strasser was kept a prisoner at London Airport and when he subsequently applied for a visa was turned down without ceremony.

Why the difference in the treatment of the young "revolutionary" cub and a responsible German citizen with no idea whatever of erecting the barricades? Quite simple, my dear Watson. Cohn-Bendit was of the fraternity, whereas Otto Strasser knows too much about the fraternity. Yes, my dear Watson, I assure you—as simple as that!

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The hurling of the Privy Council challenge at the Judges administering the law in Rhodesia was an act which defies comment. What it bade them do, in effect, was to be false either to the oath of allegiance to the Crown or to the peoples of all races in Rhodesia, whom their upholding of the Privy Council fiat would betray into the hands of terrorists and other criminals. In other words, in as far as no Government in Rhodesia could accept the demands of the British Government and survive, what the Privy Council would seem to decree is a breakdown of all criminal and civil law in Rhodesia. No such choice should be demanded of any human being. As it is, the Judges have had to ask themselves which is the lesser evil, a technical breach of the oath or an all too real renouncement of their duty to uphold the law as it affects the lives of people, which without it must be placed in extreme danger. It is incredible that the Privy Council should have shown such grievous irresponsibility, but quite natural that the B.B.C. should have canvassed the question as to whether Judges who stood by the Rhodesian people should be hanged for high treason.

After the Privy Council ruling, there arose yet another occasion for the British Government to show its nobility of spirit. It banned the delightful, first-class young Rhodesian cricketer, Colin Bland, from entering the country for the fell purpose of playing cricket. That must have made Harold Wilson feel a hell of a fine fellow.

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Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's views on contraceptives are not of any interest to me: frankly I can think of nothing more tedious. But it is of some concern that the B.C.C. should provide him with the means of dripping into several million homes a poisoned thought

such as this: "Objectivity? I despise it, distrust it, and disbelieve it". My dictionary defines the word "objective" thus: "exterior to the mind, setting forth what is external, actual, practical, unclouded by one's own sensations or emotions". And that is the quality which Muggeridge despises!

I suppose, because of the superficial charm and brilliance of his writings, that there are people whom this veteran hobgoblin manages to influence as he pirouettes in front his "Why?" panel on T.V., making a fatuous effort to orchestrate its clamour. If there be aspiring historians among them, let Malcolm be their authority for treating the world of lies as their oyster. So with the aspiring journalists. Let them not write a straight report of what was actually done or said, lest Malcolm distrust them. So, indeed, with those with antiquated ideas of speaking the truth as it is and not as they would like it to be—they are fit only for the scorn of Muggeridge. Give tendentiousness full scope and to hell with mortal honour.

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As a performer Malcolm Muggeridge earns his pay. The man can write. He is highly talented, on occasion extremely funny. If only he would be content with his role of leading literary pantaloons, all would be well enough. Instead, he must assume the prophet's mantle, although he knows no creed other than of decay and nothingness, and is impelled to preach it on so many occasions that his name has begun to assume a frightening "escape-me-never" omnipresence. There is "This" by Malcolm Muggeridge, "That" by Malcolm Muggeridge, and "The Other Thing" by Malcolm Muggeridge. Turn on the sound radio and there emerges the voice of Malcolm Muggeridge as he is interviewed about some topic on which he is probably rather less well informed than is Sweet Miss Adams. He seems to haunt the television studios. Search the Sundays for a review of some book and what is the betting that the reviewer will be Malcolm Muggeridge?

But the limit is reached when the *Observer* splashes the front page of its features section with "Why I Love England" by Malcolm Muggeridge. Why does he love her? "The truth," he writes, "is that a lost empire, lost power, and lost wealth provide perfect circumstances for living happily in our enchanting island". He loves "the dull clumsy faces" of the English. He loves England's defencelessness. He loves the impending eclipse of "dear old Pound Sterling". And thus does he sum up the story of his love:

"So, *sans* politics, *sans* art, and *sans* news, with a trade gap ever widening and gold reserves ever lessening, with a lost past and an unfound future, England remains the only spot of earth where, in this outrageous twentieth century, it is still possible to laugh and live."

Fine! Good old Malcolm Muggeridge is riding out his life in an opulence of publicity, wallowing in an exhibitionist paradise, but not all the fun and frolic of his junketting can disguise the fact that there is in his laughter a note that strikes deeper hellwards than any which seventy odd years ago announced the *fin de siècle*. Lucky, lucky Malcolm, euphoric Malcolm, not to give one single twopenny damn about the future of the land he claims to love. *Après moi...*

A.K.C.

THE VITAL RACIAL FACTOR

By H. B. ISHERWOOD

IT is now generally agreed that the whole of mankind, considered scientifically, is built up of five major races—Caucasoids (in which are the white Euroids), Mongoloids, Negroids (including Capoids), Ameroids (now usually included in Mongoloids) and Australoids—each having been independently evolved with intrinsically different characteristics out of pre-human ancestry. And each of these main races is divided into subraces, each again with its own identifiable inborn physical and mental qualities.

The great question is now being asked whether mankind as a whole or a racial group, a subrace or a nation would benefit in any way (in its ability to survive with its most highly evolved characteristics) from crossbreeding involving global hybridization. One attempt to answer this question has been made by a physiologist, who leaves one in no doubt that his own conclusions are a most emphatic negative. Indeed, on rational grounds (genetics) he considers that crossbreeding between races and subraces would inevitably result in a form of organic degeneracy (dysgenics) which would imperil the very existence of *homo sapiens* on earth.

Though largely written in non-technical, but somewhat involved, language, his book* will not be too easy to follow by anyone unacquainted with modern theories in genetics. Nevertheless, on certain points his meaning is clear. That human behaviour (involving

intellectual capacity, mental inclinations and cultural competence) is basically the expression of an inherited condition he takes for granted, and he logically argues that the preservation of the genetic (or inherited) composition of each major race and also each constituent subrace is indispensable in its ability to survive progressively. Asserting that "the very survival of the species we call human, and any specific living ability upbuilding development we may hope for, depend entirely on the inbreeding and survival of sub-specific units", an ingenious and unanswerable case is made out for racial segregation as opposed to integration (racial mixing involving miscegenation) as advocated in devious and sinister ways by the egalitarians of the United Nations, the Communist Party and Socialists and Liberals generally.

Warning of the way the concept of patriotism has been exploited by those who fail to see the dangers in indiscriminate migration, racial merging or mass hybridization, it is shown that true patriotism can only effectively be associated with a homogeneous population and that national survival depends in the end entirely upon the preservation of the affinity such homogeneity ensures.

**Specific Survival*, G. Pantel, M.D., The Triangle, 11 Hatherley St., London, S.W.1. (21/-)

HIGH COURT ACTION

IN the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division) Mr. Andrew Fountaine applied to the Vacation Judge for interlocutory injunctions restraining Messrs. A. K. Chesterton, John Bean, Aidan Mackay, Denis Pirie, Philip Maxwell and Gordon Brown:

(1) until the trial of this action or until further order from excluding the Plaintiff from membership of the National Front Party and from the office of Chairman of the Executive Directorate of the said Party.

(2) until the trial of this action or until further order from administering the organisation of the National Front Party otherwise than in accordance with the terms of a written Constitution dated 11th January, 1967.

(3) until the trial of this action or until further order from administering the organisation of the National Front Party otherwise than through and by means of the Policy and Executive Directorates as the same were constituted on the 7th June, 1968.

Mr. Fountaine was represented by Mr. Quintin Hogg, Q.C., and Mr. H. Burnett, instructed by Messrs. Kenneth F. M. Bush, Kings Lynn, Norfolk. Sir Joseph Molony, Q.C., and Mr. A. B. Suckling, instructed by Messrs. Oswald Hickson, Collier & Co., 6/9 Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.2, appeared for the defendants.

When Mr. Hogg sought to ascribe bad faith and malice to the first defendant, Sir Joseph was quick to protest, asserting that if such imputations were to be made they should have been written into the affidavit.

Thereafter Mr. Hogg circumvented this "little local difficulty" by referring to "Mr. Chesterton's good faith or lack of it".

Mr. Justice Megarry refused to grant the second and third injunctions, but upheld the first on procedural grounds, with the proviso that there be added the words "by virtue of any purported decision communicated to the Plaintiff in June 1968". The Judge made no order as to costs.

A. K. CHESTERTON'S STATEMENT

Following upon the Vacation Court's ruling, I assume that the refusal of the Judge to grant the second and third injunctions means that all the defendants other than myself are at present absolved from responsibility in that they were associated by affidavit only with those injunctions.

This seemed to be in the Judge's mind when he said that he proposed to deal with the matter as being between the Plaintiff and myself.

It is therefore in order for me to state that the wrong procedure ruled to have obtained in the issue raised by the first injunction is my sole responsibility, that I accept that responsibility, and that I will place my resignation as Policy Directorate Chairman and member at the disposal of the Annual General Meeting so that members if they so desire may obtain a change of leadership.

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

By ANDREW DILLON

SINCE it is now evident who directs the Thomson Organization, I am in no doubt as to why the *Scotsman* is supporting a very loose federalism for Scotland with practically no links with the rest of England retained. The *Express*, with its newly appointed member from the Banking Houses, is also strongly in favour of the nationalists and allows Mrs. Ewing a large column in which to spout her nonsense. I felt disgusted when I read her column the other week in which she spoke in sentimental tones of the need to retain the Argylls as a link between the people and the Services.

One of the Scots Nats. councillors in Glasgow wrote quite decidedly in the *Sunday Post* that an independent Scotland would not let defence come before social services. In other words if it came to a straight fight between the Argylls and the social services, the latter would win hands down. Therefore Mrs. Ewing is being equivocal in saying that the Argylls hold a very special place in her heart and condemning the Labour Government for cutting down on defence when it is obvious that her party would do exactly the same. Furthermore, if her party had incurred a debt of £2,000 million and wanted to borrow more in order to retain their popularity in the polls, how many of them would be willing to risk losing that popularity and financial support by refusing to countenance a reduction in armed forces? Not many, I think. Incidentally while I am on the subject of defence and the S.N.P., I see that they only wish to retain a small army which, they state, could be "lent out" to the U.N. in return for a subsidy from that organization. So, at some future date they could be sent to Gibraltar to wrestle her from her present unhappy state of being a mere "corner of a foreign field that is for ever England" (the S.N.P.'s own words which they also use to describe the position of Northern Ireland).

HATRED OF ENGLISH

The more S.N.P. meetings I attend, the greater my disgust grows towards their party. Their unnatural hatred of all things English is as nauseating as Humphrey Berkeley's love of all things U.N. Every good Scotsman knows of the great debt which the United Kingdom owes to England. Indeed the concept of the United Kingdom was in the first place, an English concept. From Edward I to Elizabeth I, they worked unceasingly towards that end. Elizabeth I loved her country as one can see in her statements that she was "mere English" and that "she had the heart and stomach of a king and a King of England, too". Mary, by comparison, liked France better than Scotland and was reported as saying that "to leave thee (France) was to die". Not much feeling for Scotland in that statement. The fact is that all her attendants were French and that she was in heart and mind a Frenchwoman. However, to use the Scottish Nationalists' argument, this did not matter so long as she did not have English attendants and did not think she was an Englishwoman. England, the enemy. Ugh!

SCOTT QUOTED

The truth is that Scotland only started to develop when she became a partner in the United Kingdom. Before that when she was continually used by France who played her off against England, she was a poor and backward country. Most of the rich agricultural land in the West, Middle and East Lothians, Roxburghshire and Berwickshire was laid to waste. But when the blessings of the union came, domestic peace gave her the time to develop and sort out her house. Sir Walter Scott, a son of Berwickshire, points this out in his *History of Scotland* and I agree with him.

As an Edinburger and a Scotsman let me say that although I appreciate and understand the great feeling of patriotism that the Highlanders have for their part of the country and the Northern Irish have for theirs, it has not escaped my notice that the English have also a great feeling of patriotism for England but in their own quiet English way which I find just as thrilling as the skirl of the pipes or the flash of tartan. It is my belief that without the help and support of these true friends, Scotland will flounder as she did in the past. The unity and drive which the English have given to the United Kingdom is invaluable to the country as a whole. If we are separated we will lose our way and dither between one enemy and another whether it be the United Nations or just France. We will be become again, a little country that is used by International Finance to wreck further the world system which England had begun many centuries before and which we also helped so manfully to build.

READERS' GRAND RESPONSE

£1,000 was set as a target figure for the Candour League Fund, to finance litigation in Chile likely to be of substantial benefit to the British patriotic cause.

Readers have responded splendidly. At the time of going to press the Fund stands at £617, leaving £373 for A. K. Chesterton to find.

Will the gap be further narrowed?

Next month a full list of contributions will be published against the initials of donors and the parts of the country—indeed, of the world—where they reside.

Contributions should now be sent to Mrs. Noreen Collyer, who has resumed her secretarial responsibilities at 5 Elmhurst Ct., St. Peters Road, Croydon, CRO 1HQ.

CLARIFICATION

In Miss Avril Walters' review of Colonel Dall's book "F.D.R. My Exploited Father-in-Law" the statement was made that "Roosevelt himself" wrote to Frankfurter about "taking an attitude fundamentally that of Trotsky". It should be made clear that this was Theodore Roosevelt, not Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ON THE HOME FRONT

By AVRIL WALTERS

DETECTIVES searching a North London house occupied by "Commonwealth immigrants" following the disappearance of its owner found part of a man's leg in a pressure cooker and other flesh cooked and preserved in jars.

I read four Sunday papers. Of these apparently only the *Sunday Telegraph* regarded this item as newsworthy. And even that used the blanket term "Commonwealth immigrant"—are we supposed to wonder if these ingenious and economical exponents of the culinary art are Aussies or Kiwis?

POTS DENOUNCING KETTLES!

It must be pretty galling for a busman earning about £11 a week basic to be told that he must wait still longer for a £1 a week rise. Particularly as the policy behind the decision is formulated by the most grossly overpaid and ludicrously unnecessary section of the populace—the 600 odd rubber stamps who constitute the House of Commons. The Government never hesitates to inform workers that they are getting more than they earn, that productivity must rise and spending power be curtailed.

But what are the facts? Over the last three years for every £1 of increased productivity the Government has spent £1 1s. Half of the nation's productivity goes to the Government and its agencies. In 1967, productivity increased by 1 per cent and Government expenditure by 10 per cent. Can anybody seriously doubt why the country is in the financial doldrums? If this Godforsaken Government really wanted to put the country's finances right they would commit mass hari-kari. Or at least resign.

DEATH RIGHTS

The British Humanist Association is reaching new heights of inspired lunacy. Its latest policy statement urges that "love-making with a third party should not be frowned on if acceptable to the marriage partner" and that contraception, sterilisation and abortion should be provided free. Among the members of this incredible sect are Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Crossman, M.P.

One envisages a scene in a typical suburban semi-detached in a humanist-controlled future.

Small boy to mother: "Mummy, where is daddy this week?"

Mother: "He's making love with a third party, dear. Now, you must be a very good boy this evening. A third party, Uncle Henry, will be coming to sit with you while mummy pops out for a nice abortion."

It is odd that an organisation which claims to be pro-humanity should devote so much of what it regards as thought to ways of eliminating it!

CAREFUL WITH THE SCISSORS!

Books for Children, published by the Advisory Centre for Education, should make fascinating reading for parents. According to an article in it by one Nicholas Tucker, educational psychologist, it is possible that

"Cinderella" encourages boot-fetishism, that "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Water Babies" are about birth, that "Three Blind Mice" describes castration. "I think the story about the great, long, red-legged scissorman who cuts off thumbs and leaves poor Conrad desolate and bleeding, his truncated (or should one say castrated?) hands hanging limply by his side . . . could provide one of childhood's nastier memories", pontificates Mr. Tucker.

It seems strange that it has dawned on everybody but educational psychologists that by and large children are inherently bloodthirsty. Even odder is the fact that Mr. Tucker does not realise that a child regards the chopping off of tails and thumbs as just that. May one gently suggest that perhaps he is attributing his own complexes to the youngsters?

OPEN LETTER TO IAN SMITH

19th July, 1968

THE following letter has been sent by A. K. Chesterton to The Hon. Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia:

Dear Prime Minister,

You deal with so vast a correspondence, and see so many people, that you may have forgotten my frequent pleas, by letter and cable and in our talks together, on no account to allow Rhodesia to exchange allegiance to the Crown for a republican status. The last time I saw you in Salisbury I came away with the impression that you were standing firm against Harper on this issue.

It is with very great disquiet, which will be shared by most of Rhodesia's friends in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, that we now learn of the Rhodesian Front's proposals for a republic. While the difficulty of maintaining a one-way loyalty is to be understood, under your strong leadership it should surely not be insuperable.

I would venture to suggest to you that the manifest desire of the internationalists to destroy Rhodesia, although the British Government is used to this end, also embraces a more ambitious desire to destroy the sovereign independence of Great Britain and the British nations overseas.

The disadvantages of the Rhodesian Front proposal are obvious whereas what advantage is expected to accrue passes our comprehension and if I may say so without disrespect it would also have passed the comprehension of Cecil John Rhodes.

Rhodesia's friends here and elsewhere are frequently snubbed for the manifestation of that friendship, but I hope and believe that you will not resent the opinions herein expressed, which I know to be held by many not only in this country but, whatever the Rhodesian Front caucus may say, in your country as well.

Yours sincerely,

A. K. Chesterton.